fattest pickin's

go without it.

leavin' Jaalam.

sum on't.

To court things on my finger-ends, but

Ware's my left hand? O, drat it, yes, I

It haint so bendy on it was to collate a

I've hed some r'bs broke (I b'lieve), I

Wen pensions git to be the talk I'll settle

An' pour out the longest sweetnin' is

An' kin' o' hist (in case, you know, the

Consoled) I mint so 'xpensive to keep ex-

There's one arm less, ditto one eye, an'

haint kep' no account on 'em;

sutthin' seems to all 'em:

recollect wat's come on't;

gut jest a thumb on't;

the amount on 'em.

o' brings to mind .

wat I used to be;

ther's a puddin't

pout o' your invention

about an anneol pension.

critter should refuse to be .

then the leg thet's wooden

I left behind:

Uniform Ways of Looking on the Bright Side

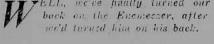


DOUGHBOY DOPE

By Dope the Doughboy

DISCHARGE COMMAND: Ready-Aim-FIRED!

TELL, we've finally turned our





neven red stripes.

MY STARS!

As the girl remarked when her khaki sweetle hugged her: "You have forward HALT:

We have get to see the coolie that stopped a hollet and sweed the life of

THAT'S ONE ON YOU!

Those raral chaps who became dough-



OH BOY

judged the place was full of aliens.

REST! worker and Circinnati.



discharged minus the kick .-

HOW COME!

The greatest ground for discharge yet it is long enough. discovered here is advanced by a Little Nemo who has been clerking it over a type machine and claims to have a position waiting for him in a shooting gal-



GAS ALERT!

"Hella, doughbay. "I ain't no doughboy. "No:"

"Been tossin' them theah loopard cubes, and I've just plain boy now."

When the Doughboy Came Home in 1846

HE doughboy of 1846, crabbing agin the guvment in one breath and poking fun at his own legless condition in the next, had the advantage over the doughboy of 1919 in that he had a poet instead of a publicity bureau to analyze

James Russell Lowell, whose centenniai has just been celebrated, long ago | So it saves drink; an' then, besides, a An' now I'm speakin' about ribs, it kin' discovered the problems of reconstruction and unemployment of returning A gratter blessin' then to her one offers soldier and immortalized them in the letters of "Birdofredum Sawin," a vetcran of the Mexican border war. "Birdofredum" was a frequent and voluminous contributor to the Biglow Papers. Perhaps no humorist of the Toul sector has improved on "Birdofredum's" I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss it's wound psychology as it appears in the Out of the clory that I've gut, for that is following lines:

I spose you wonder ware I be: I can't tell, An' one is big enough, I guess, by dillifor the soul o' me,

bringin' on me hither).

Now one on 'em's I dunno ware they thought I wuz a-dyin'.

An' sawed it off, because they said 'twus kind of mortifyin':

I'm willin' to believe it wur, an' yit I don't see nuther

Wy one should take to feelin' cheap a minnit sooner'n t'other. Sence both waz equilly to blame; but

things is ex they be: It took on so they took it off, an' thet's

enough for me. There's one good thing though to be said

about my wooden new one . The liquor can't git into it ca't used to in

feller couldn't beg

sober peg: It's true a chap's in want o' two fer fol-

But all the march I'm up to now is just to Kingdom Come.

all my eye;

Exactly ware I be myself - mecaln' by that . To see all I shall ever git by way o' pay fer losin' it.

Wen I left Hum, I had two legs, an' they off'cers I notice, who git paid for all our worn't bad ones neither thumps an' kickin's.

Cz well cz o' the masses,

an' makes you sartin o' the aid o' good men of all classes.

the scaliest trick they ever played was ! Du wal by keepin' single eyes arter the | a suggestion which seems not yet to There's nothin' ain't so poppylar (wy, it's have occurred to the editors of 1919: So, or the eye's put fairly out, I'll larn to

They say the quarrel's settled now; for An' not allow myself to be no gret put my part I've some doubt on't. T'll take more fish-skin than felks think Now, fe'me see, that isn't all; I used, fore

to take the rile clean out on't:

I haint no left arm but my right, on' thet's ' ties or writin';

tary man,

upon a pian:

me to a T.

office

If you should see her, jest clear out the - /I mean fer any that includes good easycheers an' soffies.

the time o' day.

the other way);

Ef it's the presidential cheer for wich I'd better run.

There sin't no kind o' quality in can'idates. | Them's wut takes hold o' folks that think,

Then I haint gut no princerples, an', sence

To think wat Mexico her paid fer Santy

Aungin (in);

a perfect sin

I wuz knee-high, I never did hev any gret, en you can testify:

At any rate I'm so used up I can't do no I'm a decided peace-man tu, an' go agin the war.

The only chance that's left to me is poli- | Fer new the holl on't 's gone an' past, wut is there to go for?

Now, ea the people's gut to hev a miling. El wile you're 'lectioneerin' 'round, some curus chaps should beg

An' I ain't nothin' else jest now, I've hit. To know my views o' state affairs, jest answer WOODEN LEG!

The can'idatin' line, you know, 'ould suit | Ef they ain't settlefied with thet, an' kin' o' pry an' doubt

An' of I lose, 't wunt hurt my cars to lodge An' ax for sutthin' deffynit, jest say ONE EYE PUT OUT!

One that I couldn't never break the one | So I'll set up az can'idate for any kin' of Thet kin' o' talk, I guess, you'll find'll answer to a charm

An', wen you're druy to nigh the wall,

hol' up my missin' arm; For ez tu runnin' for a place ware work's Ef they should nose 'round for a pledge,

put on a varioous look You know thet's wut I never did except. An' tell 'em thet's precisely wut I never gin nor-took!

Then there air other good hooraws to Wut two legs anywares about could keep Sech as the ONE-EYED SLARTERER, the

BLOODY BIRDOFREDUM;

How It Feels To Be Shot

ing, "That's How It Feels To Be Shot." The narrative, one is advised by the editor, was scrawled in the form of rough We might remark that Of Glory has notes in a shell hole at Chatcau Thierry. been discharged considerably. She's got just before and during the fight, and then had already begun to cause the weakofficial report which closes the story." This gunnery sergeant belonged to the 6th Regiment of the United States Marines-a regiment which received both the Croix de Guerre and the Legion d'Honneur. Following is the account:

"This is the memory of the sunset - a pale radiance mysteriously melting into summer's sarlight. We are on a broad, comfortable hill slope; it spreads well to the right and well to the left, and it reaches boys will now recent to type as HOEside of the ravine is steep; it also is wooded; it is not high, but reaches above the level of my eyes as I stand on the hill slope. What brilliant starlight!

on the hill slope while holes. They are grave-like, but shallow. The hole I dig may save my life. Shells scream when they come. They have a great noise when they explode. They kill. We dig these boles to hide into crouch and shiver in. It seems strange to dig in the starlight a hole that may save One buddy who "visited" Germany my life. It is quite cool-the night, I supduring the milie, remarked that from pose: digging will warm me. This clay is hearing so much German spoken he stiff-hard to dig. In the dawn we will go up and over that steep bank on the other side of the ravine. There will be bullets to meet us. I hope we will not be hurried Or that a lotta people came from Mil- up the bank! It is so steep. I am tired. How strange they look as they dig their little graves! So we go over in the dawn. I must dig. What will it be like? Screams, shells, bullets, blood. I must dig faster or there will be no time for sleep. What is the use of sleeping? We go over in the moraing. The fresh earth is cool. How dark it looks in the starlight! This time to-morrow--- Home is so far away, so removed, so remote, and consequently so doubly and Leaving the service is like a gun being desperately dear. In the dawn we go over. Will we go through the woods or will it be done in the open? Will the day break any differently to-morrow? The stars say 'No!' The hole is deep enough. I wonder if

"How cool and moist! I see nothing but a patch of dark sky and the swimming stars. Here I stay until dawn - the inevitable dawn. I hope it will be a clear day. I wonder what a real bed would feel like. Oh, New York! So far away. The lights-the crowds-the theafres! The subway the taxis! Home! I am in a dark hole. Earth, then me and then sky. I feel alone. I may die to-morrow. I don't think so, but I may. It is the only thing that is not incvitable. The stars, the dawn, the sun, the line of boys, the bullets, shells, all are inevitable. My death is not. I feel quite safe and secure. I am glad that I am well trained. Sleep is slow, I had better close my eyes. We go over in the dawn. Boys will drop dead. It seems hard.

"Dawn. This is the day we do it. I must get my pack together. Time to fall inform a line. Time to become part of a unit-time to stop being one's self. How sleepy and uninteresting every one looks! They don't look as they ought to look before going over. Here we go. We do not keep step. It is not important that we -Trench' and Camp, published at Upton. | should. Who has a cigarette? Smoke is good |

which a certain unnamed gunnery would not hurry so! The bank is steep, which a certain unnamed gunnery would not hurry so! The bank is steep, this is not a proper place to fight! How name really be on the bullet that hits me? The underbrush is holding us back. Does it golden the wheat fields are! There goes a "There's a shell. What an explosion! The "Keep moving. The whine and the hiss

edge, a ragged wood. Brilliant sunshine

sergeant of the Marines gives in show more about this thing we are going to bullet, and another, and I think I heard a smoke is like a mighty tree springing up in full foliage. Look at that boy! Where is his arm? What a chrick shells make! Will are we supposed to be doing? Where are written that we go on. A few steps further. They come from a distance. A lark is sing- his arm? What a shrick shells make! Will We deploy, I am no longer a part of a ing. I am moving forward. How bright the I leap into the air if I am hit? That man column. I am an individual again. The sunshine is! Look out! They have seen did. Will I? I could never leap quite as summit! Now for the bullets and the shells! us, Keep moving. I cannot feel my legs at | high as he did. all, yet I move forward. That man is hit. "Long level fields of yellow grain, dotted. He limps: Will you be able to keep burry and get somewhere. This place is with searlet poppies gently whispering to moving after you have been hit? How horrible, That fell cose. Something wetwhen he lay wounded. "Loss of blood strange breezes; banked against the further they whine! We can never make it! wet and hot in my face. Wipe it away, That man's face is like a mass of bloody wipe it away. You are not hurt; some one brilliantly blue sky. Birds sing. Is this rags, He should keep his hunds away from else. Reep going. You are not hit. Keep ness reflected in the last few sentences, war? There must be a mistake. The sky it. Why doesn't some one make him stop moving. Step over that man, Why don't

"Oh, those bullets those shells! Let's but this abruptly vanished in the terse is blue, the sunshine brilliant, the fields screaming? I don't like this place. Keep they get me? Keep going. Oh, the wheat!

AJSNE RIDGE

IN 1917

In 1917 the fighting spread

along a greater length of line than in 1916 It consisted main-

y of eight Allied offensives with

limited objectives—one at Ver-dun, three in the Aisne Ridge

district, and one each in the regions of Cambrai, the Vimu

ge Tpres (the Mess Ridge), and Flanders

we going? This is slaughter. Something has splashed on me! Never mind push on. Move! Go on! Down! Drop quickly! Dig. Use bayonet-anything, Dig. Hurry, I must try to be calm. Dig. Throw the dirt up in front-it gives protection. Dig faster, Keep down, but dig. Your turn has not come. Keep digging.

"There goes that boy. He's dead. A second ago alive, now dead. Bullets still thump him. He does not jump as they thump him. I hear a lark singing. Dig. Keep on digging. Oh, I'm hit-in the leg. I'm hit in the leg. What should I do about it? I'm wet-warm wet on my leg. It ought to hurt. Warm wet running down my leg. Do something about it. Get up and run to a deeper hole. Hurry-blood is running. My blood! It lies wet and red on the green grass. Blood on the grass. Get up. Hurry! | But I was hep to this German dope Hurry! My leg, it gives at the knee but holds me. Hurry! There!

"My, my! Sitting in a hole wounded, alone. Cut the leg of the trousers. The knife is cold on my warm wet leg. The blood is beautiful in the sunshine. The amine it. Why, that's not bad, that's not bad. Just a hole, n sort of rip. Red, of course; everything is red around here. It is not a bad wound, Bandage it up. Quick! The blood again! Wrap sround and around-wrap it tightly. It hurts. Never mind. Wrap it tightly. There! It is difficult to move my leg. This is a nice ; little hole I am in; quite comfortable, quite, Much bester than out there in the open tield. These are bullets whining over. I wonder who they are getting. Not me!

"There's an ant on that grass blade up there on the edge of the hole. I do not think that ants care for blood. Flies do. Flies do. I must drive them away. The blood has soaked through. Let it soak. It will stiffen. I can't keep them away. Let them eat. Should I say drink? A few are finished. Why do they remain so near to clean their feet and wings? Is it the sunshine that makes their bodies look so pink as they settle on the grass blades to clean their feet and wings? Is it the sunshine, or something else? Get out! Fly away! feed on dead boys. What a swarm! What a sight. My leg is bounding close to the wound. My wound all mine. Drive away those flies.

"It is hot. My leg throbs, throbs, throbs, Some one must bring water. I am thirsty. Ring the bell. Drive those flies away. Please bring some water, just a little, Piense, please, please. Oh, I'm hot! Burning! My wound. What was that? Some one cathing? I must be calm. Be calm. You I battled with many diseases have got to be quiet, quiet. All day be quiet with the flies and the blood. The shells can scream-you must not.

"What time is it? How long am I suppored to stay here? How blue the sky is! There should be a few snow-white clouds floating in it. Then it would seem more My doctoring limbered the service; rea!. There goes that bird again. This inn't much fun. I have had much better times than this-much better. There are not so many shells now. I will look and see what is going on.

"A man digging. Good work. He isn't dead. I'll call to him so he will know I am here. He waved and laughed. Look at those helmeted heads sticking up out of their holes! Comrades, all of them. All smiling and up to see who laughed. Why, this isn't so bad after all! Not at all bad! "Here comes some one. He stoops low

as he runs. Looking for me? Yes, here he comes. A runners What does he want? He looks anxious. I don't blame him. Hope hole will hold us both. How he puffs! A enuteen of water! It's warm oh, how good. Some more good! Fine! Fine! I'm in commend, am 1? Good Lord, I'm in command! I'm scared green. Happy just the sume trappy as can too. Send a report back. Let me see. Yes, That mighty yarn about the foun of course, that's the thing to do!

"Too the Major everything O. K. Gained objective easily. Many wounded send reinforcements and stretcher-bearers."



GOB

By Howard Dietz Some have sailed the seven

And weathered fight and squall, While some have felt no occan's breeze Or been to sea at all.

But when they reach the folks at home, Each man of them will pull That mighty yarn about the foam, Which most of us call "bull."

And if you'll lend a ready ear, Some cample tales we'll let you hear.

THE SEAMAN'S TALE 'Twes just four bel's by the bosun's watch When up I climbed to the nest,



And scanned the east and the west

Then suddenly there was a periscope Straight out on the wet expanse!

I took it in at a glance,

I cried, "Scope ho!" to 'em down below And the cry came, "Where away ?"

And quick I said. "It is dead ahead" And peeled my blouse for the fray

The depth bomb scuttled off the deck, And you should have seen the fun

When we made that submarine a wreck And lambasted every Han. .

And similarly, don't you know, The yeoman pulls the lengthy born

THE YEOMAN'S TALE My pen was cocked behind my car My shade was on my eyes;

I did not show a trace of fear. Although I showed surprise.



"Dictation!" yelled the shipper load. And then I spilled the Gregg

And saved a vast and mighty crowe Because I shook a leg. .

The corp man tells just how his corps-With him assisting-won the war.

THE CORPSMAN'S TALE

The measles, the mumps and the "flu." I handled no sword, but I worked in the

And I always knew just what to do.



I brought him right back to his feet. . .

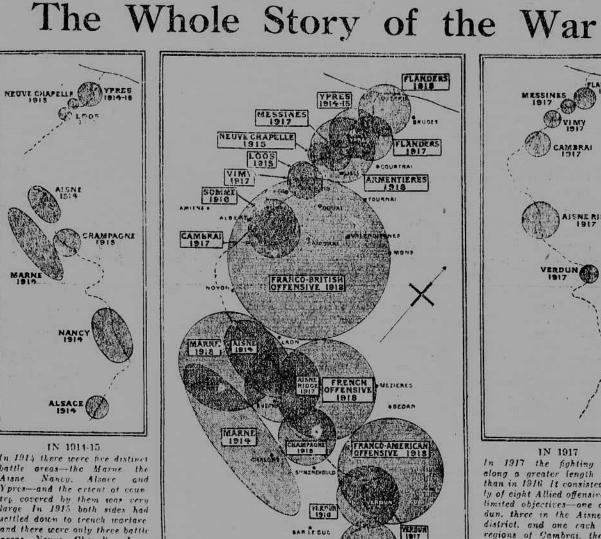
And thus each man who bears the blue Will hand his friends a line or two. O! Some have sailed the seven seas

While some have felt no ocean's breeze Or been to sea at all. But when they reach the folks at home, Each man of them will pull

And weathered fight and equall,

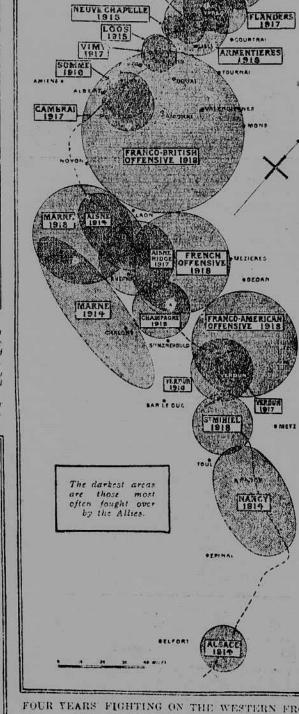
Which most of us call "bull." From Navy Life, illustrations by

PRENCH



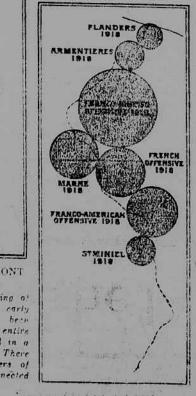
battle areas-the Marne the Aisne Nancy. Alsace and Vpres-and the extent of coun try covered by them tone very large In 1915 both sides had settled dozen to treuch wartare areas-Neuva Chapelle Loos and Champagne





FOUR YEARS FIGHTING ON THE WESTERN FRONT IN 1918 The near 1916 was the period. The leature of the fighting of

of the successive battles of 1918 was that after the early Verdun and the Albed offen German offensive had been sive on he Somme This public checked or haffed the entire ing, in which 1,500,000 men Allied line went forward in a were killed and scounded, was areat general assault. There concentrated in two limited areas were seven main theaters of more than 150 miles aparl war, but all closely connected



From The Independent